10.

The Last Words and Sayings

OF THE

TRUE-PROTESTANT ELM-BOARD,

Which Lately

Suffer'd Martyrdom in *Smithfield*, and now in *Southwark*:

TOGETHER WITH

A TRUE RELATION

OF A

Conference between Dr. B——, *and the ſaid Board.*

Chriſtian Reader,

THis Board was Born in the Pariſh of *Burn-Elms*, of a very Antient Stock, and growing up in Years, was preferred to the Service of Sh. *B*-----*l* in the nature of a *Dreſſer-Board*, in whoſe Kitchen he paſt his days in eaſe and quietneſs, free from the Burthen and Oppreſſion of many Diſhes, and ſuch like Popiſh and Antichriſtian Ceremonies; but this happineſs was too great to continue, for the Cheapneſs of Victuals ſoon invited his Maſter into the *York-ſhire* Climate, ſo that he was forthwith expoſed to the Malice of a Popiſhly-Affected *Cook-Maid*, who boyling ſome *Holy-Water* for a *Crop-ſick Catholick*, moſt inhumanely placed the red-hot Skillet upon him, which Barbarous Action could not but extort from him moſt hideous Groans and Howlings, all which notwithſtanding, he firmly adhered to his firſt principles, and choſe rather to be Martyr'd in *Smithfield*, than to dwell in a *Popiſh Gluttonous Kitchen*, tho' expoſed to the Rage and Fury of *Merry-Andrews*, *Jack-Puddings*, *red-hot Irons*, and *Toreys*.

The Reverend *Scot*, Dr. *B*---, ſo Remarkable for diſturbing the Sick, no ſooner heard of the Torments and bitter Agonies of his Beloved Board in the Lord, but he made haſt to give him ſome crums of *Chriſtian Conſolation*, before he departed this Life, by which he might

be the better Enabled to undergoe with Patience ſo Fiery a Tryal, the *Salamanca* Doctor was deſigned to be ſent for, becauſe he had ſworn through many Boards, and therefore was the fitter to Pray by one, but Dr. *B*----'s voluntary Viſit prevented it, who upon his firſt Entrance ſaluted the Board with an *Holy Kiſs*, and ſaid, *Be of good Comfort my Brother, ſuffer Patiently, your Reward is great, thou ſhalt be the Royal Oak in Paradiſe, and when thou ſhalt have put off this Touch-wood Tabernacle, thou ſhalt be as one of the Cedars of* Lebanon, *where there will be no* Merry-Andrews, *no* Jack-Puddings, *no* Cook-Maids, *no* red-hot Irons.

The Board return'd the Dr. many Thanks for his Ghoſtly Advice, and deſired him to ſit down upon him. The Dr. being a profeſt Enemy to all manner of Ceremony, complyed, and ſat him down, and reflecting with himſelf, That thoſe who draw near their latter End, have commonly a foreſight of future Events, propoſed ſeveral *Queſtions* to him, concerning the deplorable condition of this Nation: *Firſt*,

Dr. *Shall the* D. *of* M. *be King?*

Board. Ummmmm- No.

Dr. *Shall* Scotch *Kirk-Government ever prevail in* England, to which he Groan'd No, as God ſhall judge me: quoth the Dr. *I am exceedingly ſorry for it.*

Dr. *Shall we ever have a Parliament? for I long to be Thank'd for my* Regalia.

Board. Ah, Dr. had the laſt *Weſtminſter* Parliament continued, you had not only had their Thanks, but had been Chair-man of an Aſſembly, by this time.

Dr. *What think you of* Mr. Papillion *and Mr.* Dubois, (*my very good Friends*) *being Sheriffs?*

Board. Beware, if they are not you will all come to an Untimely End.

Dr. *Shall the* Poliſh Tapski, *dye in his Bed?*

Board. Let him ſtick cloſe to *Papillion* and *Dubois.*

Dr. *Shall I ever be Rector of the Kirk called* Mary Hill?

Board. Ummmmm- No, No.

Dr. *You are a Papiſt in your heart, and ſo farewell, for I will not Abſolve you.*

Board. Pray then Dr. do not ſham the World with a *Narrative of my Life.*

LONDON: Printed for *F. Shepherd.* 1682.

135048.